

THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

IT is gratifying to record that subscriptions have already been received, in response to the President's appeal, towards the purchase of the Panel Portrait of Charles Dickens for the Fellowship Headquarter Offices. As our members are doubtless doing their best to help the Government and the fighting forces to beat the enemy, Mr. Crotch desires it to be known that it is not necessary at the present time to send money to this Fund. If intending subscribers will kindly send their names with their probable amount to the Secretary of the Fellowship, Mr. T. W. Hill, application can be made at a later date, when the national atmosphere is brighter, for the redemption of the promise.

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On July 7th, Mr. E. P. Haslam, one of the founders of the Dickens Fellowship, a member of its Council and chairman of its London Charitable Guild, was married to Miss Ada Beatrice Clarke, head mistress of Lady Holles's School, Hackney, at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. The great affection felt by the scholars for their headmistress was manifested by the presence of several hundred of them at the ceremony. Sir Henry Knight, chairman of the school gave the bride away. The Archdeacon of London officiated, assisted by the Rev. N. M. Brown.

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All the guests (including the crowds of excited children) attended the reception held in the grounds of Lady Holles's School, and there a great feature of interest was a monster three-tier wedding-cake, weighing 300 lbs., which had been made with loving care by the girls attending the cooking class. Among the wedding gifts were a cheque for 100 guineas, a pair of silver candelabra, and an illuminated address, presented to her by the governors of the school. There were also numerous handsome gifts from past and present pupils and the school staff. Among the other gifts was one presented by the Council of the Fellowship to Mr. Haslam, wishing him and his bride many years of happiness.

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There are still many persons who confuse the work of Cruikshank with that of Phiz, and frequently enquire at their booksellers for certain Dickens books illustrated by Cruikshank for which he never drew a line. As a matter of fact he only illustrated two: *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*. It is rather surprising, however, to find such a good Dickensian as Mr. George R. Sims confusing the two artists.

Yet it is evident he was when he wrote his article on the Borough in one of our Sunday papers recently. For after referring to Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Mrs. Gamp, Old Weller, and others, he goes on to speak of "the characters that Dickens imagined and Cruikshank drew," who are still to be met with in the district. He also speaks of the old Inn there "which is to-day just as Dickens described it and just as Cruikshank drew it." Of course he means Phiz all the time, for excepting the Artful Dodger, all the characters he mentions were pictorially the creation of Phiz, whilst the same artist drew the picture of the White Hart Inn Yard.

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We congratulate the Curator of the Dickens Birthplace Museum on securing photographs of the pages of manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers*, which were recently sold by auction in aid of the British Red Cross Fund. Unable to have the actual pages—now in the British Museum—the possession of these facsimile reproductions as a permanent exhibit in the Museum at Portsmouth is the next best thing, and we venture to say that these photographs are likely to have more interested and enthusiastic auditors there than the originals in the Museum at Bloomsbury.

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Mr. W. Sutton, the new secretary of the Tottenham Branch of the Fellowship, has sent us an interesting and valuable little pamphlet entitled, "A Short Guide to Chigwell for Dickensians." It has five subject headings: "The Dickens Interest," "The Gordon Riots," "The Church," "Archæological Interest," and "An Afternoon at Chigwell." It is written in a simple but comprehensive manner. The main features of interest not being hidden in a mass of detail, can be grasped at once, so that anyone unfamiliar with the spot and its Dickensian associations, will find the "guide" all that is necessary for spending an enjoyable and profitable afternoon in the famous village immortalized in *Barnaby Rudge*.

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The following anecdote has been sent to us. Buying a cigar at a divan in London recently, the smoker noticed that the girl in charge was deeply immersed in a book. He enquired casually what it was that interested her so much. "*Bleak House*, by Dickens," was the reply. In a drawl that should have betrayed its origin, the enquirer remarked, "I don't care very much for Dickens myself." "Very likely," retorted the girl. "It requires some education to understand it. It is a bit difficult." It occurred to the smoker, thus cuttingly admonished, that the girl could hardly be blamed for not knowing that he was an M.A. of Oxford, a lecturer in English Literature, and one-time professor of Scandinavian languages, with a host of other scholastic distinctions as well. Although it is not really necessary to be so highly educated as our smoker friend to appreciate Dickens, it may, however, be said that no one knows so much that he cannot be taught. Dickens would broaden even our Oxford friend's mind, and who knows but that he has learned a lesson from the Dickensian purveyor of cigars?

THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN WAR OR HOME REFORM?

A PROBLEM THAT TROUBLED DICKENS

By J. CUMING WALTERS

[The following passages are extracted from a lecture recently delivered before the members of the Birmingham Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. After reference to the soldiers and sailors in Dickens's novels (the English, French, and American types being fully described), and after giving an account of the stories treating of military themes, war, and revolution, the lecturer made an effort to explain Dickens's real attitude and to show that, whilst he was essentially patriotic and prepared to give loyal support to his country, he regarded actual warfare as the greatest impediment to the social reforms at home on which his heart was fixed.]

I.

DICKENS'S actual references to soldiers, sailors, and war are not numerous, in spite of the fact that he lived through the stirring times of the Crimean Campaign and the Indian Mutiny, which directly affected his own nation; through the Civil War in America, which aroused his strong sympathy with the anti-slavery principle; through the era when Italy was casting off religious oppression and becoming a united nation; and through the years of Poland's last struggle for freedom, and the Prussian and Austrian conflicts. In his novels there are very few allusions to any of these epoch-making events, and their scantiness is only equalled by their vagueness. Unlike Thackeray, he may have felt little disposed to turn current military events to account in works of fiction. On the other hand he dealt, as a publicist, very thoroughly with some phases of war in his journalistic articles; and his letters bear witness to the intensity of his feelings on some of the issues that were raised.

In order to understand Dickens's environment and the influences upon him, it is necessary to remember two dates—the date of his birth in 1812, and the date of the Battle of Waterloo, three years later, 1815. At once we realise the nature of the epoch to which Dickens belonged. For a hundred years there had been European wars. From the time of the rise of Napoleon there had been a desperate struggle between the English nation and the would-be master of the western continent. What the struggle had been like in its intensity and with its hopes and fears, and what effect it had had upon the manhood of England, upon social life, and upon industry, commerce, education, and progress, we can better comprehend to-day than we might have done a year or two ago. The life and interests of our race had been mainly devoted to soldiering, and thought had to be focussed on resisting an enemy instead of developing our own life and institutions. As a result, there was a great darkness over the land.

Then came Waterloo. The long strife ended. Peace was proclaimed at last, and a new era opened. Dickens was three years old when this event turned the course of history. But though the storm was over, the echoes of the rumbling thunder could still be heard, growing fainter and fainter, but reminding the nation of the horror of the crisis that had come and gone.

Dickens, then, was born in a period sick of war. There was rising

a party which was ready to forget military glory and devote itself to civil reform and regeneration. There was a party eager that Peace should have her victories no less renowned than war. There was a party determined on a new and a holier crusade than any campaign waged on foreign battlefields, and that was the party which strove to uplift the masses, to abolish ignorance and its attendant crimes, and to ensure the advance of the race.

Dickens belonged to this party. In his first book, the humorous *Pickwick*, he revealed a solemn purpose in exposing the iniquity of the Debtors' Prison; in his second, *Nicholas Nickleby*, he set himself to arouse a hatred of the scandals of perverted education; and in his third book, *Oliver Twist*, he came forth as a veritable Paladin, a knight of chivalry, delivering blows right and left against wrong and oppression, overthrowing idols, and awakening his fellowmen to the wickedness and corruption and cruelty in their midst, whether in parochial misgovernment, or thieves' kitchens, or heartless laws.

Thus we perceive where he was stationed. Doubtless he believed with Milton that war might be unavoidable and that "God imputes not to any man the blood he spills in a just cause"; but he was no lover of war and no blind worshipper of the heroes of battle. What is more, he saw the positive falsity and folly of force, the barbaric stupidity of the appeal to arms to settle the disputes of men and nations. He took his place with the idealists; he raised the banner of reform; and idealist and reformer he remained to the last—

"Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade."

In the *Battle of Life* his own view of war's stupidity was expressed by one of the characters in these ironical terms:—

"Here's a smiling country once overrun by soldiers—trespassers every one of 'em—and laid waste by fire and sword. The idea of any man exposing himself voluntarily to fire and sword! Stupid, wasteful, positively ridiculous; you laugh at your fellow-creatures, you know, when you think of it!"

Of the futility of war, and of the meaningless manner in which it is conducted, he had also something to say. Dr. Jeddler expressed the thought for him in these words:—

"On this ground . . . so many lives were lost, that generations afterwards a churchyard full of bones, and dust of bones, and chips of cloven skulls, has been dug up from underneath our feet. Yet not a hundred people in that battle knew for what they fought, or why; not a hundred of the inconsiderate rejoicers in the victory, why they rejoiced. Not half a hundred people were better for the pain or loss. Not half a dozen men agree to this hour on the cause or merits; and nobody, in short, ever knew anything distinct about it, but the mourners of the slain."

Or if an even more exact point of view be needed, we can find it in these sentences, put in the mouth of Alfred Heathfield in *The Battle of Life*:—

"Try sometimes to forget this battlefield and others like it, in that

broader battlefield of life on which the sun looks every day. . . . There are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism in it . . . not the less difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle or audience—done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts—any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world, and fill him with belief and hope in it."

The theme was caught up again, when Dr. Jeddler, who had begun by saying, "I have never seen the Christian world, including Heaven knows how many loving mothers and good girls, anything but mad for a battlefield," ended by declaring, "It's a world full of hearts, and a serious world with all its folly; and it is a world on which the sun never rises, but it looks upon a thousand bloodless battles that are some set-off against the miseries and wickedness of battlefields." What are these bloodless battles? They are victories over self, over wrong; triumphs of regeneration of human nature, and the reform of the social state. Dickens put these first—the bloodless reform before the bloody conquest. Proof is in the letters he penned in 1854-5, at the time of the Crimean campaign when he was "full of admiration of our valiant men, and something like despair to see how the old cannon-smoke and blood-mists obscure the wrongs and sufferings of the people at home." And yet again, "The absorption of the English mind in the war, is, to me, a melancholy thing. Every other subject of popular solicitude and sympathy goes down before it. I fear I clearly see that for years to come domestic reforms are shaken to the root." In other words, Dickens was the reformer first and last; his patriotism began at home; he admired heroism, but preferred it should take the form of re-housing the poor or fighting an epidemic, to blowing up a fort or annihilating a regiment.

II.

Only three of Dickens's volumes may be described as essentially war-books, *A Tale of Two Cities*, dealing with the French Revolution; *Barnaby Rudge*, dealing with the Gordon Riots; and *The Battle of Life*, dealing with war allegorically, and applying the idea of conflict to human relationship and social affairs. In addition to these larger themes, there are a few minor stories devoted entirely to war, the chief of which is "The Story of Dick Doubledick," the only story Dickens wrote containing an actual description of an historic battlefield. It deals with the historic campaign which took our regiments to India, Egypt, Badajoz, Toulouse, and Waterloo; and we have passing glimpses of each of the scenes during the closing of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century. But the subject at the back of the personal narrative is not fighting but Anglo-French rivalry and possible reconciliation and union.

The story of Dick Doubledick, one of the most moving and pathetic which came from Dickens's pen, is a story with a two-fold theme—the redemption of a wastrel, led by example to form a new ideal; and the magnanimity of the warrior when battle is ended. War is war;

but war is not personal revenge. The enemy who assails and who is assailed in turn is not a private enemy. There is a foe to be met, not a feud to be waged or remembered. When the soldier kills a man he does not kill a man he hates, only someone who represents what is hated. These are the facts Dickens would impress upon us. Fighting may be the soldier's business, but chivalry should be his pleasure. All these thoughts recur in that tenderest of little stories in which figures Corporal Theophile, who by his devotion to the child Bebelles, and his sublime self-sacrifice, reconciled a bitter man to life, and taught a misanthrope to be cheerful. This was the soldier-hero Dickens loved to contemplate, the type he admired, seeing the real man beneath the uniform, the perfect knight, and not the shedder of blood. In his beautiful idyll of peace and war, he introduced us to two soldiers—Captain Taunton, who might have had the noble Sidney as exemplar, and poor fallen, hopeless Dick Doubledick, who seemed degraded beyond redemption but proved to be still responsive to the appeal to his finer nature, and receptive to purifying influence.

A sombre picture may be relieved by its golden framework. So it is with the grim battle-scene which Dickens has bordered with Christmas texts of peace and goodwill to all mankind, and decorated with festoons of gleaming holly leaves. Amid all that is bright and holy we perceive the raging tumult of war's passions, but we are left with the hallowed feeling of saving grace. As we gaze, the horror of war and vengeance passes away, and the vision of redemption and forgiveness comes in its place. We are left looking at the brightness and not at the gloom, and the Christmas message of peace and goodwill sinks deep into the heart.

Such was a specimen war-theme as treated by Dickens. Again we realise that it could only have been so handled by a lover of peace. The aim was not to delight in the fury of conflict, but to point to the higher ideal. And the ideal of Charles Dickens was that of the poets and dreamers who from the beginning of the century had hoped that prolonged peace would enable England to be converted into a Utopia.

III.

A new spirit manifested itself in England after the downfall of Napoleon. Dickens was a direct descendant of the men who put the liberation of mankind before everything—party, race, and even nationality. He inherited the philosophy of justice-loving Godwin and perfection-dreaming Coleridge and Wordsworth. That is why he was essentially the reformer.

We are so accustomed to regarding Napoleon as the scourge of Europe, to detesting him as the monstrous enemy of England, and to condemning him as the unbridled despot who sacrificed the human race to his personal ambition, that we forget what he really represented in the earlier stages of his career. He was then, or appeared to be, the great Liberator, the setter-free of slaves, the leader in a sacred cause of brotherhood. He represented a principle dearest to the hearts of poets, philosophers, and philanthropists; in emancipating the French

from the thralldom of the Bourbons he was delivering a blow for mankind, he was striking off the chains riveted by caste and tyranny, and he was bringing hope to despairing dwellers in the dark world-prison in which they were born, in which they wrought, in which they died.

For nearly forty years there were Englishmen who saw in Napoleon a bringer of light into a new and happy dawn, and not a pronouncer of doom. They dreamed of universal benevolence, they sought distant Edens, they tried to found perfect societies, they worshipped the ideal of Justice, Right, Freedom, Sympathy, Comradeship, liberation from priests and kings, and the coming of the Golden Year.

The last of these gloriously deluded dreamers was Shelley, but the whole band had been mighty and lustrous, and the influence of such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Godwin, Priestley, and Hazlitt, could not pass away with their mortal frames. They had created an atmosphere of political thought and aspiration which ardent reformers continued to breathe with ecstasy. Among those who breathed it was Charles Dickens.

He cared nothing for Napoleon, soldier and man ; but consciously or unconsciously he cared for the liberty and fraternity he had originally proclaimed. The influences of the searchers for truth, the ardent souls who preached reform, the men who had dared to declare that England was not the perfection that flattery and fanaticism described it, still remained. They broadened views, they combated insularity, they quickened the desire for improvement and progress.

With this heritage, Dickens had the vision of better things. He caught up the very doctrine the idealists had preached. In plain prose he repeated their poetry ; with infinite humour he reproduced their seriousness. Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth took their figures and illustrations from mythology ; when Dickens wanted to defeat ancient tyranny he depicted the tribe of Bumble, or made us laugh with contempt at narrow aims and blind content by exposing to full view the fatuousness of Mr. Podsnap.

Throughout his life Dickens was a breaker of bonds. The kindest-hearted, the most friendly of men, he was none the less sternly at strife, a man of violence, a man of wrath. We could not expect to find Dickens the advocate of cheap and unwholesome peace. The false gods had to be overthrown ; the enemies in the path scattered. And just as Dickens believed in social warfare, so he believed in the larger warfare when great ends were to be attained, the enemies of mankind to be swept away. A lover of peace, he knew also the stern necessities of force. Mere military pomp made no appeal to him ; military honour alone gave him satisfaction and pride. He laughed at the presumption and arrogance of men who strutted in red coats and gold lace ; he derided Sim Tapperit and Lieutenant Slaughter and the Chatham officers ; but he paid his eloquent tribute to the soldier who faced shot and shell, stood in the trenches, or scaled the heights. He paid his tribute also to the hero in daily life.

It was exactly because he sympathised so deeply with the true warrior that he abhorred the perpetual policy of mess and muddle,

trade scandals, neglect, things done in the dark, which seem almost inseparable from any campaign that is undertaken. In this respect we come to a notable declaration by Dickens in 1854, when, as his biographer tells us, the breakdown in the Crimea had embittered him. In his remarks we trace the influence of that school to which I have dared to say he belonged—the school of the Rights of Man as against the privileges of the few. War, in Dickens's judgment, could never be well-managed until it was "managed by the people," until they were taken into the confidence of ministers and allowed to understand methods and objects. The people fought, and the people should know: that crystallised his sentiments. But at the close of the Crimean campaign he was only left with a "strengthened belief that our political aristocracy and our tuft-hunting are the death of England. A country which is discovered to be in this tremendous condition as to its war affairs; with an enormous black cloud of poverty in every town which is spreading and deepening every hour, and not one man in two thousand knowing anything about, or even believing in, its existence; with a non-working aristocracy, and a silent Parliament, and every body for himself and nobody for the rest; this is the prospect, and I think it a very deplorable one." The soul of the reformer was still struggling with the evils which beset the nation both in war and peace.

IV.

There was yet to be another stage in Dickens's development. We have seen that he disliked war, that he had absorbed the ideals of liberation, and that he had devoted himself to domestic reform. But what of peace? Does it bring nothing but virtue in its train? Does it make for universal happiness? Does it discover the best in human nature? Ruskin said he believed war was more productive of good than of evil, and that "no nation ever yet enjoyed a protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline." Dickens, too, had found that peace induced indolence and corruption. He had perceived the necessity for revolutions. He had seen abuses as prevalent in the Garden of Hesperides as in the fields of Mars. Probably by the time of the Crimean War he had been wrought into the same frame of mind as Tennyson, had found corruption bred by sloth, and had believed that the whirlwind of war roused men to noble action and higher purpose. Of all the poets he admired Tennyson most. He could not remain unmoved by that poignant argument in "Maud," even if he himself had not already been predisposed to adopt the same line. But here was a man who had waged war against ignorance, lethargy, jobbery, and all the vices which flourish when there is no call on patriotism; and we can imagine him echoing Tennyson's words, and asking:—

"Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? We have made them a curse

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,

"When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine

"Is it peace or war? Better war! Loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

That such thoughts were current in the mind of Dickens we can easily ascertain by turning to those impatient outbursts in his writings where he denounces the smug indifference of the rulers to the needs of the masses, and the servile satisfaction of the masses to be left in their sloughs of despond, to remain unenlightened, to sink into disease and crime, to be jobbed out of their rights as men and citizens, and to be deprived of hope of advance. War, then, with all its horrors, may achieve higher results than "passionless peace," and the warrior may

"Live a life of truest breath,

And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

Such, I think, was an underlying thought in Dickens's mind—such is the thought in the minds of most men intent on reform—not for wanton war, or war for military glory and renown, but war for great and stirring ends and sanctified causes.

Dickens himself not only saw war waged but revolutions in progress. He seems to have viewed them much as the lovers of liberty had viewed the greater revolution of half a century before, when Wordsworth, hailing the purpose, but not foreseeing the despotic end, of an individual victor, had burst out with his glorious ode of "hope and joy":—

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which was then going forward in her name
What temper at the prospect did not make
To happiness unthought of?"

Such had been the mood of poets and philosophers; such was the mood of Charles Dickens, some fifty years later, when as a young and ardent man of thirty-four, in the year 1846 he personally witnessed at Lausanne a people's outbreak against tyranny, and a little later saw the battle continued more fiercely and decisively at Geneva. Dickens was already engaged in writing *The Battle of Life* when the Genevese Revolution occurred, and he became an eye-witness of the civil warfare that raged. He represented the "rebels" as fighting not only against serfdom but against social degradation. "It is the most rational feeling in the world," he added.

Here we get the standpoint of Dickens, the real indication of his feelings, the direction marked of his flow of sympathy. It is just what was to be expected of the man whose political, yet not partisan, Liberalism, not only made him the champion of democracy, but made him believe in the absolute justice of the final recourse to arms should the

appeal to reason be in vain. War, as war, he hated enough; the sanctity of human life was a religion with him; suffering, whether among rich or poor, he tried to alleviate; goodwill, both among men and nations, he strove assiduously to promote; yet none the less could he declare that when liberty, reform, and the future well-being of the race were at stake, he himself would be ready to shoulder a gun and remove the enemy from the path. The principle was sacred to him, though the act was abhorrent. As a man he shrank from the shedding of blood. In a truly civilised state of society he regarded war as an anomaly and as a primitive futility for adjusting differences or seeking redress. He placed reform before all military glory; he yearned after ideals for the betterment and enfranchisement of mankind; but he was compelled to admit that peace might breed corruption just as surely as war bred horror and abuse. His supreme desire was that the nations should rest, and that peace, instead of inducing idleness and disease in the body politic, should be a stirring time of cleansing and advance. The great chance came when the long strife ended between Napoleon and the European Powers. That chance Dickens seized, and his record is that of the zealous crusader whose sword was a pen, the advocate of racial improvement, the teacher of a great social gospel, and the peaceful leader to victory over abuse and wrong.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

CXXVIII.

KINDLY magician, with the master-key,
 Charming men's hearts to open at its touch!
 Ah! threescore years and ten have passed since he
 First saw the world he has enriched so much.

"A largesse universal!" from his pen,
 Great heaven! what wealth of blessing he diffused!—
 This faithful lover of his fellow-men,
 Tenderly teaching while he most amused.

To daintiest viands, generous and good,
 Some wholesome medicine he would impart;
 His graceful trifles were as strengthening food
 His fancy sweets were tonics for the heart.

What millions of glad laughs, or sweet sad tears,
 How many a loftier aim, or kindlier thought,
 Owes the world to him all these seventy years?
 God bless him for the lessons he has taught!

Nobly he worked—though all too soon removed;
 Nobly he rests, with many a glorious one;
 Many as highly honoured—none more loved—
 Waiting the welcome of his Lord, "Well done!"

JAMES STANBRIDGE, 1882.

SYDNEY CARTON*

By ANNIE BENNETT

THE record of the life of a nation is found in its history, but the pulse of a nation's life is felt in its literature. National history changes; there are days of light, there are days of darkness; the nation rises, the nation falls. History tells all this. A nation has healthy days, when art soars high, and science progresses; there is healthy growth upwards, in all that is good and lovely in such days of light and health. But a nation grows sick and ill; national calamities prevent progress, and symptoms of diseased thought appear in the minds of men, and make their mark in the literature of the times. This poor literature, being born of minds of stunted growth, and of diseased, warped thought, lacks vitality, is but short lived, and dies a natural death. It should be so. If anywhere the doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest" is true, it is true in the literary world. The pulse of a nation's life, in other words the literature of a nation, foretells the condition of the mental health of that nation. What the literature of the mind life of a nation is to-day, determines what the real life of the nation will be to-morrow. A strenuous pulse-beat of literature denotes strenuous, full, mental life to be; a weak pulse-beat denotes weakness and sickness. Look at the mass of written matter round us to-day. Novel after novel leaves the pen of many writers. There is no limit to the startling periodicals of to-day. Competition and desire to attract have desecrated the beautiful ideals these authors ought to be following, and which our best authors always strive to reach. Very few new books are really beautiful. Most of them startle by thunders of sensation. Excitement, sensational and extreme, drowns the "still small voice" of beauty, which ought to be the "bull's eye" of literature, at which every author should aim, remembering that "Truth is Beauty." Beauty is frequently lost to-day in the turmoil of society's demand for excitement and desire for sensation.

The pulse of our nation's life of the last few years calls for the need of the surgeon's knife. We, as Dickensians, would seek to cut off from our midst any morbid desire for sensationalism, and invite others to join us in genial fellowship in a healthy, clear, mental atmosphere in the books we read. It is not easy for the minds of busy men to clear the mental fogs, and avoid the stained streaks in the currents of thought in the ocean of literature that is swelling round about us every day in the 20th century. But there are clear spaces with reflection of wondrous beauty from the minds of men; lovely blue skies and happy breezes of thought from Heaven above, inspired through the hearts of men into the pages of their books; there are bright stars shining down the ages of thought in the books of our great authors, and it is well worth while to seek them out. Let us not drift hither and thither in our reading, but rise above the mental fogs and hazes and mists. See one bright clear star shining in the dark sky of the French Revolution. Dickens painted this star, clear and beautiful, in his *Tale of*

* Extract from a paper read to the Birmingham Branch of the Fellowship.

Two Cities, the bright, constant, steadfast star of self-sacrificing love shining from the heart of Sydney Carton, as he stands triumphant at the guillotine. Dickens sent Sydney Carton to the scaffold as a triumph of good over evil, and the deed of a moment lives for ever in the hearts of Lucie's family, and for everlasting its influence is steadfast and strong as the light of a star that leads and inspires all who see through the darkness, to forget self, and live to serve, and if need be, die to serve.

A Tale of Two Cities stands among the best English novels ever written, because of the heroic Sydney Carton. The tale is a graphic history, worthy of careful study and thought, from a historical point of view, of London and Paris during the darkest days of the French Revolution, but the book is stamped with the individual personality of mind that essentially makes it literature. The mind of the author lives within its pages, and men of thought must feel that with the birth of Sydney Carton into the literature of our land, the pulse-beat became stronger, healthier and better. The book is a healthy creation of a healthy mind, and as such will live a long life, and a useful one, in our literary world. Sydney Carton is its hero, and only a genius could succeed in attempting to set a deed so great, a love so sublime, a triumph of self-sacrifice so nearly divine, in a life so apparently abandoned and purposeless and lost as *his* seemed to be. This, the genius of Dickens has done, without becoming at all grotesque. Sydney Carton is a pen picture of pure and beautiful pathos. In the wide vista of fiction in English literature, Sydney Carton stands alone. Whence and how could the author combine an exterior, slovenly, careless, abandoned and drifting, together with a love so nearly divine, and an act so gloriously sublime? His love for Lucie Manette, with his life laid down, is a mental miracle only possible where true genius is at work. Sydney Carton, a grey figure in a lonely shadow of a darkened life, darkened by careless neglect, drifting purposes, lack of healthy ambition, by hard-headed companionship and low society. The influences round his early days were avarice on the part of Stryver and his tribe, and the sordid surroundings of the "Old Bailey" and his "briefs." Solitary and alone he stands, cut off from his fellows, because he has broken down all the trammels of respectability that society demands; he has fallen away too, from the right standard of self-respect, and his self-control is lost. His nature is so pliant, so responsive and flexible, he is so full of responsibilities ready to be awakened by the touch of a loving hand, that when we first meet him at the "Old Bailey," we instinctively feel that he stands apart. There he is—staring at the ceiling—and when he removes a wig to reveal a likeness that exists between himself and the "accused," we listen with a ready ear to Jerry Cruncher's remark: "I'd hold half-a-guinea that he don't get no law work to do! Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?" We listen, because we too, like Jerry, are mistaken. That exterior covers a clear intellect, a true man at heart. He stands apart for two reasons—he is so good, and he is so bad—a paradox we cannot yet understand. There he is, alone in the world. No loving hand has yet touched him in his younger days. His mother died when he was a

baby boy, his father while he was quite a boy. Left an orphan at the mercy of that London city, he fell into touch with Stryver, first at school and later at the "Old Bailey." What was the result? Here is one secret of Sydney Carton's failures. The hard-headed, big-shouldered Stryver, over-fat with success, who pushed everyone to the wall to



SYDNEY CARTON ON HIS WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD

From a painting by Sep. E. Scott in the Burlington Edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*

shoulder himself to the front rank, himself ever forward, strained to the dregs the energy of Carton. When boys together at school, it was Sydney who worked Stryver's exercises, his own left undone. No mother's sympathy, no sister's companionship, no brother's competition called upon this boy to encourage him to work for his own promotion

for their sakes ; and for himself he had no thought, no ambition. A good mother's influence, a father's firm guiding hand might have changed the grey shadows of a mis-spent life into bright, happy sunshine. He, who would not work for his own ends, would have worked for his parents' sakes ; for is it not a boy's mother who spurs her son to self-respect, to reverence and to future ambition in hundreds of little ways ? Again, see how a father will hold a future manhood before his son, as a state to be reached with honour and pride. But Sydney Carton was an orphan, denied all these influences, and the balance of his character for a time was, in consequence, marred and bedraggled in the dust and fogs of city life. But he did not sink into the dust. When a loving hand from a pure life came within his reach, and the eyes of Lucie Manette, in their purity and truth, touched the chords within, he began to grope for better things. This picture of Sydney Carton portrays a figure which speaks eloquently of the value of loving family influences in a life's history, and appeals to the spectator to think of the result of the loss of such influences upon lives and characters in our city life. Not for one moment does Dickens mean his readers to accept the failures of Sydney Carton as a right and proper thing, or to acquiesce in any such purposeless life. Far from it. See how pitifully miserable Sydney becomes over his own errors. Often he is filled with remorse, often he murmurs over the "might-have-been." "It might-have-been" is a plaintive note throughout his life, and is a cry that surely every reader marks. But in the heart of Sydney Carton was hidden from the eyes of all his friends, intrinsic gold that never became tarnished nor corrupt by this misconducted life, lived in the throes of London's temptations. Dickens shows that, in spite of all these drawbacks, it is possible after all, to walk through the muddy stains of temptation, and still keep some portion of the soul clean and responsive. The orphan child left to itself has a handicapped race to run to Eternity, but Dickens shows how those, who look so far away from Heaven, are sometimes really nearest to Heaven. The sight of Lucie Manette's purity and goodness awoke within him new aspirations, new desires, but these came too late to reclaim the past. His past never was retrieved ! Sydney Carton, the sin-stained man, loved Lucie Manette, the pure, who had been cherished as a "ladybird" under the protecting wing of Miss Pross. This was the love that must not touch. He knew it, but loved still—loved only to serve. All Lucie's future life was affected by this wondrous love of an unsuccessful lover. What a soul superior Sydney Carton reveals in his relation to Lucie Manette and Charles Evrémonde ! Where is the man who will die in the place of his rival ? To die for one's friend is great, but Carton died in the place of his rival. His position is the consummation of self-sacrifice. To secure happiness for those he loved, by saving his rival, and sinking self, was indeed hard, but it was the supreme point to which his love carried him. No other motive could have carried him so high. In the common language of to-day, Evrémonde could be called Sydney Carton's "enemy." "Love your enemies !" is a Divine call, and the untrained Sydney answered ! To the guillotine he went, unknown !

As the noble Evrémonde he went, but all the nobility in the aristocracy of France could not surmount the height of nobility of soul which carried Sydney Carton by his own intent to the guillotine. Acts like these are born of God in the hearts of the orphan child of the city, and nothing can quench the light such deeds shed on the dark world. They are the fulfilment of the words in the heart's of God's children: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." God reveals Himself in acts of self-sacrifice and love, and brings resurrected life into unexpected places.

We hear the echo of Sydney's voice, as he stands on the brink of Eternity. He looks back upon us from the scaffold to say: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known." The echo dies away, and he is gone. But the memory of Sydney Carton is ever after a memory of love and reverence. We honour Charles Dickens for the creation of Carton. We honour Sydney Carton and reverence him too, because this one act of love outshines the sordid greyness of his poor and purposeless days. Now we see his goodness, and it outshines the grey night-sky of his life in London. The one bright star, in a great expanse of dark sky shines out, and for those who see the star, the sky is gone. The star is everything. To those who cannot find the star comes a great loss; for them there is only sky to grope in. In their darkness they cannot see, nor understand. Look upon the star of Carton's sacrifice, when Lucie Manette opened his eyes, and he awoke to the possibilities within him. His dark life is as the gloomy night sky wherein a bright setting star diffuses light, and the darkness disappears and fades away. We see not the greyness; but only the glow and light of love, as he stands on the scaffold to die, lives in our hearts, while we think of him.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ DICKENS

THERE is many a woman to-day who will hunt round Mudie's, Smith's, or the Free Library for half-an-hour, saying to herself "What shall I take home to read this week-end?" She will pull out modern novel after modern novel from the fiction shelves only to put them back with the exclamation that she has read them, or that she does not think she will like them. And yet, in their dusty covers in that corner over there, are patiently waiting crowds of the dearest old friends a girl could wish to meet.

Every woman asserts that she has "read Dickens."

She has read *The Old Curiosity Shop*, or perhaps *David Copperfield*, or perhaps both, and many others as well. But still there are more waiting for her. Let the woman who has "read Dickens" ask herself if she has read *Great Expectations*. The chances are very much against her having done so, and yet it is as pretty a novel as ever was written.

Think of the characters in Dickens who are always ready to step out of their pages, as it were, to amuse you. One can almost see Micawber, elegantly top-hatted and swinging his knobbed cane, stepping out to greet you with a piece of that whimsical oratory so

peculiar to himself. You are miserable? Mark Tapley will show you how to be jolly. You want a laugh? Mr. Pickwick will give it you; and so will Montague Tigg; and so will many other dear delightful friends who will never fall out with you.

But let us see who else is waiting to entertain us. Dickens may have run away with our space, but let it not be imagined that he has run away with all the fascinating characters in fiction. Go to your library and ask Thackeray to introduce you to Becky Sharpe or to Jos Sedley. Or ask Oliver Goldsmith to introduce you to the fine old Vicar of Wakefield and his lovely daughters. Or——

But what is the use of trying to name them one after the other, for really there is no end.

MR. PICKWICK'S ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY

By GEORGE BELL (Of Victoria, Australia)

WHETHER all the other nations of the earth put together have made more numerous or more important discoveries than those made by Englishmen, is a question well worth pondering. Personally, I am convinced that Englishmen are entitled to more credit on that score than their competitors, but it is a strange fact that very few Englishmen, if asked, would agree with me. Instances in proof abound. The chemist always speaks of the periodic law as Mendeleeff's, and sneers when reminded that a modest Englishman named Newlands propounded and illustrated it long before the Russian. Dr. Thomas Young discovered the interference of light, thereby establishing the undulatory theory, but nobody took any notice of it until the Frenchman Fresnel announced that he too had observed the phenomenon, whereupon the world went wild with applause over the man who was *not* the original discoverer. Mr. Pickwick was the victim of this racial peculiarity of ours, and in a very exaggerated form. Mr. Blotton was evidently a typical Englishman, in so far as he was determined to prevent a fellow Englishman from receiving credit for a discovery. But he was in much more difficult circumstances than were the detractors of Newlands and Young. In this case there was no foreign claimant upon whose brows might be bestowed the laurels to which the venerable Pickwick was so well entitled; nevertheless, the ingenious Blotton was not to be thwarted. "What!" we may imagine him exclaiming—"What!! No other claimant for the laurels! Then there shall be no laurels! There shall be no discovery! Pickwick is a humbug; the ninety-six page pamphlet is all humbug! The seventeen native and foreign Societies are every one of them humbugs, and the inscription is the biggest humbug of all!" But Nemesis came upon him swiftly and at unawares. Blotton himself, being an Englishman, could not of course, be allowed to enjoy any honour from *his* discovery. So the Pickwick Club expelled him, and the seventeen Societies poured contumely upon him, and he was left solitary, to write pamphlets in the (scientific) wilderness. And his executioners were evidently right—for did not the stone remain?

That, however, is by no means the end of the story. To follow the next step in its development we must go back to Dr. Thomas Young aforementioned. For, in addition to his researches upon light, he made researches into many other things, among them into inscriptions upon stones. The particular stone that he gained his greatest triumph upon is called the Rosetta Stone, and it is now in the British Museum. Upon it is cut a decree issued by Ptolemy Euergetes, one of the Greek kings of Egypt, who made the proclamation at Memphis in 196 B.C. Bill Stumps, not being skilled in languages, confined his lithoglyphical performances to his native English. Ptolemy, having a mixed population to address, wrote in two tongues, Greek and Egyptian. Moreover the Egyptian text was recorded in two kinds of script—one being called hieratic, the other (more picturesque), hieroglyphic. Now up to Dr. Young's date, Egyptian hieroglyphics had been for nearly fifteen hundred years wholly unintelligible; men knew not even in what tongue they must be read. Dr. Young set his wits to work, read a good many signs, put them together to make words, showed what the words meant, and then turned his attention to something more practical, having marked out the way for all future interpreters. Nobody gave him any credit—for he was a mere Englishman! In the article "Egypt" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (edition of 1808), he recorded his discovery and his method.

A Frenchman named Champollion took up the research, and in 1821 he published a book—thirteen years, be it noted, after Young's publication—going over the same ground. He followed up that book with another in 1824. Immediately the world resounded with his praises. A second edition of his second book was called for, and it appeared in 1828. Dr. Young was left in obscurity, or, if a sense of justice moved somebody timidly to recall his performances, that somebody was instantly "Blottonized" (if I may be permitted to coin a word appropriate to the occasion), and his voice was drowned in a chorus of sneers at Dr. Young, and of louder laudations of Champollion the Younger—"the great Frenchman."

Now the publication of *Pickwick* began in April 1836, Dickens being twenty-four years old. When the *furor* in the learned world over Champollion's work was at its height, the great novelist was at that period of boyhood, say ten to fourteen or sixteen, which is most impressible by such matters. We know, from characteristics of his later works, that he was in the habit of seeking his material in the world as it lived around him. I submit, therefore, that the episode with which I have had to deal is really a reproduction—in caricature, of course, in keeping with the rest of the book—of the circumstances connected with the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics. And thence it follows inevitably that the little stone found at Cobham is the antitype of the Rosetta stone in the British Museum, that its cryptic letters are the direct descendants of Egyptian hieroglyphic characters, that Mr. Pickwick is first cousin to Dr. Young, and that Bill Stumps the Kentish rustic is no other than Ptolemy Euergetes, King of Egypt, redivivus.

THE REPENTANCE OF LILLYVICK*

A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" (Ch. LII.)

Rendered into Rhyme by "F"

SCENE: THE KENWIGS' LODGINGS.

(Enter to Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs, Morleena, followed by Lillyvick and Noggs)—

- M. Pa, here's a visitor !
- L. Kenwigs, shake hands.
- K. *(Starting up and speaking with suppressed anger)*
 Time wos, when him as now afore me stands
 Would ha' been welcome. I should ha' bin' proud,
 If him as now surveys me had allowed
 A friendly greeting. Time wos Sir, when I
 And my dear wife and all our family
 Received his visits with our boozums all
 Awakened by sensations nateral.
 But soft emotions in our hearts must sink
 And anger rise Sir beyond everythink.
 And I must ask of that dissimulator
 Where is his Honour, Justice, Human Natur !
- L. Susan, don't *you* say anything to me ?
- K. *(Thumping the table)*. She isn't equal to it Sir, and she
 Sufferin' so dreadful from your treatment shabby
 Combined with nursin' of a healthy babby,
 Requires, Sir, for her sustenance and stay
 Four pints of strong malt liquor every day.
- L. I'm glad the baby's healthy—very glad.
(Mrs. K. bursts into tears).
- K. *(Mournfully)*. The pleasantest feelin' all the time I had,
 Was thinkin' what, sposin' the new-born chick
 Should be a boy, his Uncle Lillyvick
 Would like him to be called. Dear little creetur !
 Pompey or Alexander, or p'raps Peter.
 I'd ha' been pleased with any one o' these,
 Or even if desired, Diorgenes.
 But now, when I behold that helpless child,
 Knockin' hisself about, and kickin' wild
 Tearin' his cap, refusin' to be kissed,
 A chokin' hisself with his little fist,—
 And when I think that Uncle as was goin'
 To be so fond of him, was now a'showin'
 This cold indifference to sacred ties—
 Such strong emotions in my buzzum rise,
 And swellin' wengeance language can't depicter,
 While Susan grieves with all this to afflict her,

* A sequel to "The Treachery of Lillyvick," by the same author, which appeared in our pages October, 1914.—EDITOR.

- And that poor infant seems with every kick,
A tellin' us to hate his Uncle Lillyvick.
- Mrs. K. Uncle, that you should turn your back on those
Poor unprovided innocents, as owes
Their being to my Kenwigs, you so kind,
With love for them and friendliness combined,
If told of this by strangers I should fling
Back in disdain the news of such a thing
You, that our child was christened after, you !
Oh ! gracious me I scarce believe it true.
- Mr. K. Was money what we cared for ? Heaven forbid !
- Mrs. K. I scorn it.
- Mr. K. So do I, and always did.
- Mrs. K. My feelings have been lacerated, torn,
I've suffered much since my sweet boy was born,
He's been uncomfortable night and day,
And poor Morleena's pined and pined away.
All this I can forgive. Uncle, with you
I do not quarrel. That I cannot do.
But never ask me to receive *Her*, don't !
(*Hysterically*). For I will not. I won't ! I won't ! I won't !
- Mr. K. Susan my love consider your dear child.
- Mrs. K. Yes, yes, I will, tho' driven almost wild.
Nothing shall part me from my darling son
Despised, deserted, cut off and undone.
- L. (*Sadly*). My dear your feelings will not be revolted,
She's gone away and left me Susan—bolted. (*Mr. and Mrs.*
K. start).
Yesterday week—a fine hole I was trapped in—
Eloped with an infernal half-pay Captain.
To think the woman would have gone and chose
A half-pay captain with a bottle nose.
(*Rising solemnly with uplifted hand*)
T'was in this room I first see Henrietta
Petowker : Would that I had never met her !
Here in this room, I that connexion sever,
And cast the graceless baggage off for ever.
(*Great emotion. Mrs. K. throws herself sobbing into her*
Uncle's arms. K. seizes his hand with fervent expressions
of sympathy and friendship).
Mrs. K. Oh Uncle ! my ill-temper you must pardon.
K. Sir, your experience has been a hard 'un.
Mrs. K. My agitation you will understand.
K. Sir, I am proud once more to grasp your hand.
Mrs. K. I'm grieved I ever welcomed such a adder.
K. Or on these walls she ever cast her shadder.
Mrs. K. A viper-serpent, and base crocodile.
K. To serve a worthy gentleman so vile.

- Mrs. K. I always thought her manners not quite proper.
 K. I often said it would be wise to drop her.
 Mrs. K. Dear Uncle, don't give way to useless grief.
 K. For to be rid of her must bring relief.
 Mrs. K. Its happened for the best. Your dear relations—
 K. As always reconise their obligations—
 Mrs. K. With open hearts and arms do now receive you,
 K. And scorn in anyways, Sir, to deceive you.
(Mr. and Mrs. K. embrace, and calm gradually prevails. They all sit down, Noggs somewhere in the background.)
- L. Susan and Kenwigs, I will now make mention,
 Out of regard for you, 'tis my intention,
 Not out of vengeance, she's not worthy of it,—
 That you and yours shall ultimately profit
 By that small bit o' property I've got.
 I'll have the deed prepared here, on this spot
 To-morrow morning; and if he'll permit,
 I will ask Mr. Noggs to witness it.
(Renewed emotion. K. rushes out and brings in the children from their beds in bundles two and two, and lays them at L's feet for his blessing. These having been duly cleared away,)
- L. Well Susan, now, give me some supper please,
 This happened twenty-mile from town, and she's
 Most basely boned twelve silver spoons—confound
 Her artfulness!—and four and twenty pound,
 I hesitated long before I'd call—
(Sighing). I humoured her in all things great and small,
 Gave her her own way—useless to complain—
 I feel I can't do double knocks again
 Upon my rounds. Them silver spoons, they cost—*(groaning)*
 Well, never mind. Don't speak of it. They're lost.
(Supper disposed of, punch and pipes are introduced. Morleena sits upon L's knee. Mr. and Mrs. K. sit side by side, his left arm embracing his wife, while with the right hand he waves a pipe in the air to emphasise his remarks.)
- K. When I once more behold that worthy gent,
 His public character so eminent
 And unimpeached, a minglin' in the spear
 Which he adorns, 'midst them as holds him dear,
 His nature elewated and expanded,
 And free from treachery, base, and underhanded,
 While his affections for his near relations
 Develop in legitimate sitiuations,
 I seem to hear them infant voices say
 In sweet and softened tones this blessed day,
 "Purwided for in life we fear not Fortune's frown,
(Solemnly pointing his pipe upwards). For on this here
 ewent, 'Evins itself looks down!'"

A PICKWICK POCKET HANDKERCHIEF

AT the recent Dickens exhibition held under the auspices of the Sheffield Branch, four printed pocket handkerchiefs were on view, three of which may be described as of the "moral" breed. One was entitled, "A Map of Man," pictorially indicating his way to the land of desolation and alternatively to the land of promise, interspersed with precepts of philosophy and wisdom. Another depicted the Battle of Waterloo with plan and explanations. The third printed "An Accurate Table of the King's Taxes for 1811," including



A PICKWICK POCKET HANDKERCHIEF

details of the Window Tax, whose "nefarious history" forty years afterwards Dickens held up to such ignominy in his article on "Red Tape."

The fourth which we reproduce here through the courtesy of Mr. W. F. Bagnall, is purely Pickwickian. It was manufactured whilst the book was being printed, and is another proof, if proof were needed, of the extraordinary popularity of the book. To the collection of numerous commodities named after Pickwick, which we are always seeking to extend, the Pickwick Handkerchief must now be added.

WHY I LIKE DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By MARBURY MAC DUFFIE

A PERSON wishing to find a few hours' amusement in reading procures the popular fiction of the hour. The first chapter presents the scene of some popular society resort, an isolated island, or the sun baked sands of a western desert. (What varied and conflicting ideas are formed of the Maine woods to suit the plots of the respective authors.) Then the hero is formally introduced as he dashes before the reader in his high-powered runabout—the same car that later on saves the heroine from a dark complexioned villain pursuing her on horseback, who, at the close of every chapter, is just about to fire the deadly shot destined to puncture a tyre. The last chapter is reached with the curtain falling on some marvellous escape and everlasting happiness; and the reader closes the book with ejaculations suiting the occasion. All this for three hours and a dollar! What a pleasant pastime, and how stimulating to the mind! But did you ever see *David Copperfield* or any other classic being read in a railroad train, or in the waiting room of a station? My answer would be, "No." A book requiring time for completion is too tedious for the present day reader. His mind is eager for the everlasting "slap bang" form of writing, and soon it has descended to a level of appreciation too low for that of a higher quality and finer language. A book which gives you a wider knowledge and deeper feeling on completion—one which you could apply to your own life with profit—surely if effects of such reading could be realized and impressed on the reader's mind, the ever-popular short story would go to the top shelf.

David Copperfield, the boy, you watch develop; you accompany him through his youthful misfortunes. Soon, at the appearance of Mr. Murdstone, you too have feelings of suspicion and hatred. When David is beaten, your sympathy is aroused; and you experience a relieved feeling of satisfaction during his care-free visits at Mr. Peggotty's. One instant, sorrow is aroused at David's departure for school; and the next, laughter at Peggotty's awkwardness. How often the familiar smell of a hot, ink-spattered schoolroom has been experienced by you, and perhaps you also draw skeletons on your book covers and desks and, in other ways, associate certain schools with Salem House. Through every chapter, with unfailing interest, you watch David growing into manhood, his habits, character, and disposition developing before you. With his wonderful skill, Dickens makes the boy into the man and brings the man to success, all right before your eyes, without a single "hitch" in the changes; you feel that a real David is living and that you are his intimate friend. But the interest in David's life and growth is surrounded by many others in the forms of the various characters, the clever interweaving of the humour and pathos, the whole not concealing or "meandering" from the point of the plot.

* This essay secured the first prize in Mrs. Newcomer's Dickens Competition in the White Plains' High School, New York.

A swaggering air, with a great deal of starch, and the humming of a popular tune, could introduce none other than "the ruined remains of a fallen tower," signed "Wilkins Micawber." The fear of London burning down is quickly associated with Betsy Trotwood; and a good natured, red face with a great many freckles, proclaims Peggotty. Certainly a close haircut always belongs to Traddles, that, with some furniture, and "the sweetest girl in the world," seems to be the extent of the former's possessions. How terrible to be as "lorn and lonely" as Mrs. Gummidge. And how willing Barkis was in everything which did not pertain to the opening of his "old clothes box." Though a double-jointed acrobat would not resemble Uriah Heep in thinness and "umbleness," he might approach the latter in some of his snake-like contortions. Steerforth is introduced in all his attractiveness, and then his popularity and high-minded personality is overthrown by the revelation of his true character. Dickens familiarizes the reader so completely with his characters, he so brings out and over-emphasises their minor sayings and appearances, that an instant recognition of small details distinguishes one character from another, and establishes a perfect understanding between them and the reader. This, with his remarkable power for drawing persons true to life, showing the faults of the best, and not making his big characters perfect, gives a certain quality and polish to the book, quickly appreciated.

The humorous passages are said to be the best in English literature. They are not overdone, and seem a great deal more effective because many of them directly follow a passage marked by pathos. By the two extremes being placed together, the effect is made more striking. David, upon leaving Peggotty, arouses the reader's sympathy, and the next instant, Peggotty's sobs cause the loss of two or three buttons. How skilfully and bravely the hotel waiter managed to take possession of David's dinner and drink that poisonous ale without dying; and then how complete was David's discomfort upon finding he was supposed to have eaten all the lunch. What fine taste Barkis showed in bringing such presents as bananas and potatoes to Peggotty, during his courtship, and what a narrow escape was Traddles's when Peggotty finally succeeded in recovering his marriage furniture. The terrible donkeys which were always disturbing Betsy Trotwood, and David's experience with the second hand clothes dealer, during his long journey, all show Dickens's skill as a humourist. On the other hand are those passages which arouse a keenly felt sympathy. David's neglected and abused childhood, the great misfortune which falls on Mr. Peggotty's family, and, finally, Dora's death. Ham Peggotty's sorrowful state is strongly felt, and broken-hearted Daniel is seen wandering through crowded streets looking for his lost Emily.

The reader can't help experiencing the feelings of the different stages in the story. His mind is accustomed to all the characters, with David standing out well among them as the hero. And when the last chapter is read, there's a real feeling of regret, which, at the same time, leaves a lasting impression and a sense of accomplishment at having read a book like *David Copperfield*.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ROLL OF HONOUR

MAY we ask readers of this paragraph who know of other members or are themselves serving with H.M. Forces, to communicate particulars of name, Branch and regiment to us.

Norman L. Hall (Winnipeg Branch)	..	<i>Canadian Contingent.</i>
C. Skeet	" "	" "
R. W. Trowsdale	" "	" "
Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon	" "	" "
E. H. Honneyman	" "	" "
R. B. Leeper	" "	" "
Captain Herbert Roberts (London Branch)		
Frank S. Johnson	"	.. <i>R.N.A.S., A.A.C.</i>
H. J. Baskerville	"	.. <i>R.N.A.S., A.A.C.</i>
Frank Cornish (Hackney Branch)	..	<i>London Rifle Brigade.</i>
G. W. Baker	"	 <i>R.A.M.C.</i>
Major E. Digby (Sydney Branch)	..	<i>7th Bedfordshire Regt.</i>
Colonel Reuter Roth	"	 <i>R.A.M.C.</i>
S. Ward (Tottenham Branch)	..	 <i>H.A.C.</i>
Lieut. Con. Squiers (Westcliff Branch)		<i>West Yorkshire Regiment.</i>
Second-Lieut. L. Pope	"	<i>11th London Regiment.</i>
Second-Lieut. C. P. Robertson	"	 <i>London Scottish.</i>
Sergeant J. C. Dale	"	(killed in action) <i>H.A.C.</i>
Sergeant A. Harlow	"	<i>5th City of London Rifles.</i>
Lieut.-Corp. J. W. D. Clarke	"	<i>London Rifle Brigade.</i>
Rifleman Reginald Shears	"	<i>Queen Victoria Rifles.</i>
Sergeant J. E. Tomlin (Stockport Branch)		<i>Lancashire Fusiliers.</i>
Frank Leat	"	 <i>R.A.M.C.</i>
Percy J. Carden (Notts. Branch)	..	 <i>Royal Fusileers</i>

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICKENS'S RAVEN

SIR,—In reply to Mr. H. N. Spencer's inquiry in the July number of *The Dickensian*, "Grip" the raven was bought at the sale of Dickens's effects for £110, by the late Alderman Nottage, the founder of the London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd., and is now in the private possession of Lady Nottage.

Yours very truly,
J. W. CHURCH.

Tottenham,
July 9th, 1915.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF OLIVER TWIST

SIR,—The letters in your recent issues concerning the manuscripts of Dickens, encourage me to ask whether any of your readers can throw light upon the whereabouts of the missing portion of the manuscript of *Oliver Twist*.

At the time of the Dickens sale of relics, the following appeared in a leading article in the "Daily News," of July 21st, 1870, relating to the relics of celebrities:—"We have been shown the complete MS. of *Oliver Twist*, and it is said that the market value of that pile of

paper is at least a hundred guineas." This writer was evidently mistaken; he could not have seen *the whole* of the manuscript, as according to the catalogue of the Forster collection at South Kensington Museum, a part of the manuscript was then in the possession of John Forster. This portion begins with the twelfth chapter, and ends with the sixth chapter of the third book.

A page was also given by Dickens in 1840 to C. Edwards Lester, under circumstances fully detailed by me in *The Dickensian* for November 1912, Dickens confessing at the time that he had not the complete manuscript.

There is therefore still a large portion still to be accounted for, and if any of your readers can locate this portion, I and Dickensians generally will be extremely obliged.

W. MILLER.

18 Ickburgh Road,
Upper Clapton, N.E.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—I am sorry to see that a slip has occurred in my report of the public meeting held on May 21st, as printed in last month's issue, page 175. In Mr. Crotch's speech the reference to the "Third Empire" should of course be the "Second Empire." The mistake was mine, due to my hastily written notes, and I ought to have corrected it in the proof.

Yours faithfully,

YOUR REPORTER.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—On June 26th the members spent an enjoyable afternoon making a tour of Chelsea, under the leadership of Mr. J. H. Mahoney. The first visit was to the Botanical Gardens, the conductor giving a brief history of the famous gardens. The next stop was made at Chelsea Hospital, and after a short discourse on that equally famous institution, the party moved on to Cheyne Walk, rich in history. The party stopped at the house in which Maclise died, and where later on George Eliot lived and died. Other "shrines" visited were Queen's House, occupied in 1862 by the Rosettis, George Meredith and Swinburne as joint tenants, and the residences of Whistler, Turner, Leigh Hunt, Don Saltero and Carlyle. At the latter place the party inspected the many relics and mementoes which are connected with the great writer. A visit to Old Chelsea Church terminated what was voted by all concerned a most successful and enjoyable afternoon.

MELBOURNE.—Miss Jerrems, a member of the branch, lately returned from England, gave a most interesting account of her sojourn among English Dickensians, and spoke enthusiastically of the kindness with which she was received, and of the entertainment provided for her at the time of the 1914 Conference. Miss Jerrems' paper was highly appreciated. The branch recently sent a donation to the Belgian Relief Fund, and has arranged for a Special "Dickens"

Entertainment to be held in the Athenæum Hall, when a fine programme will be presented, and a substantial sum is expected as the result. The Secretary has just forwarded to London the names of twenty-two new subscribers to *The Dickensian*.

SOUTHEND.—The annual excursion of the Branch took place quietly on the 3rd July, when the members journeyed to Canvey Island, taking tea at Kynoch's Hotel. By arrangement with the Officers in charge, an entertainment for the soldiers stationed at Canvey was given by the members on Saturday, the 17th July.

SYDNEY, (N.S.W.)—The monthly meeting was, as usual, a most successful one, and was arranged by Mr. Hugh D. Jennings and Miss Thelma Illingworth. The evening opened with a song by Miss Dulcie Williams. Then followed a scene from *A Tale of Two Cities*, with Miss Illingworth as Lucie Manette, Mr. J. Mackay as Mr. Lorry, and Mr. Jennings as Dr. Manette. There was also a scene from *David Copperfield*, in which the characters of Dora and David were respectively taken by Miss Illingworth and Mr. Jennings. Much appreciation is due to both performers, for not only their histrionic abilities, but also their faithfulness to every detail in the matter of dress, surroundings, etc. In the interval between the last-mentioned scene and the one following, Miss Dulcie Huxtable gave two songs. The last scene was from *Dombey and Son*, Mr. Jennings and Miss Illingworth taking the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Dombey, which was immensely appreciated by the audience. The Fellowship has now a library of about a hundred books, many rare and valuable, and the members gladly avail themselves of the opportunity offered in borrowing the books. Mr. E. G. Boreham is the Hon. Librarian.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

PAMPHLET.

A Short Guide to Chigwell for Dickensians. Copies to be had of Mr. W. Sutton, 71 Broadwater Road, Tottenham N.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"A Literary Letter : Leigh Hunt and Harold Skimpole," by C.K.S. *The Sphere*, July 3rd.

"Problems and Prizes : a Set of Letters from a Tenant ; Prize Letters from Wilkins Micawber to David Copperfield," by Benjamin Bandage. *Westminster Gazette*, July 11th.

"Wellington and Copperfield," by James Parker, M.P. *Halifax Courier*, July 3rd.

"Lights and Shadows of London Then and Now : No. 6, Round About the Borough," by Geo. R. Sims, illustrated. *Lloyds News*, July 11th.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

AUGUST

28. Hackney and Stoke Newington : Hampstead Ramble.



CHARLES DICKENS AND BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Reproduced from the plate presented with "The Tailor and Cutter," July 1870

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